
HOMESICK

**A Young Girl Shows the Way
 to a College Spoiled
 Young Man.**

Claude Morrissey tramped the floor from the door to the window and back again. He was just as sadly off as a scapegrace can be, disinherited and in love.

The latter was the most discouraging of all, considering pretty Grace Collum knew all the bad things about him; Claude had been a reckless gambler in college, and Grace, just in long dresses, sided with his father and promptly turned her back on the luckless young man.

Claude, poor wretch, at the wrong moment showed spunk, and his father sent him packing.

New York swallowed him, his misdemeanors and loose change. He hunted for work; Allan Perry, a college chum, got him a small job on a big paper.

Presently Claude threw himself on his bed and picked up the morning's paper. The first item his glance found was this announcement: "Mrs. Collum, Miss Grace Collum at home to-day from two till five."

Morrissey stared at the words with breathless interest.

"It is Grace; her aunt lives in New York, and Grace is staying here for the season."

Suddenly he sprang up and began pacing the floor again.

"I must see her," he moaned. "Oh, girlie! If you only knew

how sorry I have been—if father could know—" Then he struck his hand fiercely across wet eyes.

But a smile came immediately afterwards, and the lad looked so handsome with the mirth in his gray eyes, that his good angel, taking pity, popped the idea of an escapade into his head which he at once seized upon.

At 2:30, dressed in afternoon togs, he stood on the steps of the Collum house and rang with outward calm.

The butler who opened the door, stared stolidly over his head while Claude reached for his card case and broke into a cold perspiration on not finding it. Just when despair swooped down upon him, Perry came up the steps.

They greeted, and as the butler still stood and stared indifferently, Perry said.

"I was sent to write this up; coming in?"

With a gulp Claude assented. In a short time they were shaking hands with their hostess. Claude, following Allan, pressed Mrs. Collum's hand, then the vibrant fingers of Grace.

Her conversational greeting sank to a whisper, and he clung to her hand till her low, distressed voice reached him: "Claude—please let my hand go!"

He did so, but stood where he could watch her till suddenly she was gone. Then he began a search for her, finding her at last pouring tea, and looking white and distraught.